

A D A M's T A I L;

OR, THE

F I R S T

M E T A M O R P H O S I S.

A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion;
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN BELL, near EXETER-CHURCH.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

John Bell

STRAVE.

1601/548.



A D A M's T A I L;

O R, T H E

FIRST METAMORPHOSIS.

WHEN Jove, as learned *Rabbins* say,
Had form'd our common Sire of Clay,
Had spun the Nerves, sublim'd the Juices,
And giv'n each Part its various Uses;
To grace the Monarch's princely Thighs,
And guard his royal Side from Flies
That might his tender Flesh assail,
He furnish'd ADAM with a *Tail*.

Conceive a perfect *Tail*---confest
Of all *Tails possible* the best---

B E N E D I C T U S

Call ev'ry Pow'r of Recollection,
 Unite each Species of Perfection,
 Repeat each best Idea o'er,
 So long till you can climb no more;
 And when you find this Aggregate
 Of abstract Excellence complete,
 Just shape it to a *Tail*, dear Madam!
 And such a *Tail* was that of ADAM.

15

Nor let the modest Fair misdeem,
 Nor lightly prize the Poet's Theme;
 For, trust me, Ladies, if you think
 That *Tails* were only made to flink;
 If your Ideas of them be
 Not full of Grace and Dignity;
 Attend, and it shall soon be shewn
 The Fault's not Nature's, but your own.

20

25

Observe the Peacock! see him strut
 With conscious Pride, Foot after Foot,
 His golden Plumage all unfurl'd,
 As if he said, " I scorn the World!"

30

Now,



Now, where does all this Beauty lie
That makes him rear his Head so high?
The Answer's known to all the Crowd,
It is his *Tail* that makes him proud.

Or view the stately Steed; or view 35
The Lap-dog, Miss! that fawns on you;
Or *Torty*, purring by the Fire,
Or Squirrel in his Cage of Wire;
Is there in all these pretty Creatures
A Part which more adorns their Natures, 40
A Part whose Excellence prevails
Above the Beauty of their *Tails*?
Cut off their *Tails*; the lordly Steed
Beneath the Drayman's Lash may bleed;
The Squirrel, disregarded then, 45
Might seek his wild Woods once agen;
The playful *Shock*, might turn a Spit,
And *Torty*, live upon her Wit.

Thus, from the greatest to the least,
The *Tail*'s the Pride of ev'ry *Beast*. 50

But tell me, Ladies! were my Quill
 To try one more Example still;
 Should I assert, in serious Tone,
 It is on *this Account* alone,
 (As something whispers me I can) 55
 That *Woman* is the *Pride* of *Man*;
 Were I to prove, that she whose Charms,
 Rouz'd HOMER's Heroes up in Arms;
 That she, whose magic Smiles to boast,
 A *Roman* thought the World well lost; 60
 That *Cropp* herself, that heav'nly Maid!
 Are all but *Tails* in Masquerade;
 Say, would not then the Subject rise
 To high Importance in your Eyes?
 Would not the Poet quickly hear 65
 Some Female whisper in his Ear---
 " Forbear, rash Youth, th' advent'rous Flight!
 " None but a *Muse* of *Tails* should write."
 Such *was* his *Tail*---But mark the Change!

JOVE, in a short Time, chanc'd to range 70

On

On Earth, some new Design to plan,
And mark his new-form'd Creature, *Man*;
Hoping to find each Part and Limb
Quite elegant, compact and trim,
And, to see ev'ry Feature shine 75
With such a radiant Grace divine,
With such a Dignity as suits
The lordly Monarch of the Brutes,
And Master-piece of the Creation;
But O! how great was his Vexation, 80
To find that *Tail*, e'erwhile so fair,
So trimly deck'd with golden Hair,
That *Tail*, with so much Pains prepar'd,
To serve at once for Grace and Guard,---
---To find that *Tail* so scrubb'd and ragged 85
With Filth, that ADAM scarce could wag it!
So foul with many a dirty Lump,
That, form'd to guard, it gall'd his Rump!
So fraught with favoury Supplies,
It serv'd but to *invite* the Flies! 90

And

And so deform'd poor ADAM's Look,
 JOVE for a *Monkey* him mistook!
 Beauty *before*, and Filth *behind*,
 Were so ridiculously join'd,
 That JOVE himself, tho' full of Spleen,
 In secret smil'd to view the Scene.

But Rage, and Disappointment, soon
 Restrain'd his Mirth, and turn'd his Tune.

" Is this that human Form Divine
 " Where Dignity and Grace combine ! 100

" Is this the Breath of Life embodi'd!
 " The express Image of the Godhead!

" For universal Empire suited!
 " If this be he---O! how be-muted---

" How fall'n from him I form'd to share 105
 " The Bliss of *Olympian* Air!

" From him, whom VENUS self might kiss!
 " O cruel Metamorphosis!

" And must I then resign my Plan
 " Because I've given a *Tail* to *Man*? 110

" Shall

" Shall Brutes rebel and make a Fufs,
 " And fay ' *This Man's but one of Us?*'
 " Shall Systems be to Ruin hurl'd,
 " And Anarchy resume the World,
 " And *Chaos* once again prevail, 115
 " Because a King b-----s his *Tail?*
 " It must not be---I swear by *STRYX*
 " Proud FATE! I *will* not bear thy Tricks!
 " *Tails* perish first!" The Monarch said;
 And shook the Honours of his Head. 120
 'Tis an old Thesis and a true,
 " With HEAV'N to *will* implies to *do*."
 So off came *Tail*, nor left a Stump,
 But parted even from his Rump;
 So off came *Tail*, and lifeless lay, 125
 Congenial with its Parent-clay;
 So off came *Tail*; and *Pride* and *Grace*
 Triumphant flew and seiz'd the Place,
 With LOVE and JOY, and all their Train;
 And ADAM was *himself* again. 134

JOVE

JOVE view'd the *Tail* when fall'n behind,
 And mighty Projects fill'd his Mind:
 " Poor *Tail*! says he, as round he views it,
 " In Faith, 'tis Pity thus to lose it!
 " Its Beauties, to be sure, are faded; 135
 " But 'twas fine Stuff of which I made it.
 " More Dirt than *Tail* appears, 'tis true;
 " But then what's of it's almost new.
 " And tho' its Shape be something warp'd,
 " Its Brightness full'd and absorpt, 140
 " Yet may it easily be roll'd
 " Into some new and graceful Mould,
 " And if these Fates don't mar my Plan,
 " Made a new Source of Bliss to Man.
 " In this new Form it still may be 145
 " Us'd in its old Capacity;
 " In this new Form may still depend
 " On ADAM as an humble Friend;
 " Still serve his Pleasure, mark his Will,
 " And solace his *Posteriors* still." 150

The

The Scheme is fix'd, the Nod is given,
 That powerful Nod that shakes the Heaven.
 The *Tail*, obedient to the Nod,
 Arose a *Woman* from the Sod. 155
 Arose, not with that aukward Motion,
 Of which old OVID had a Notion,
 Of *gradual* Length'nings, Thick'nings, Buddings,
 (Like an old Housewife stuffing Puddings ;)
 Of springing Arms, and sprouting Noses,
 And all th'*Etceteras* HE discloses ; 160
 (While one Part, form'd, deserts the Mass,
 And t'other, heavy, hangs an A--e,
 As if the Artift were a Dunce ;)
 Not so---our *Tail* arose at *once* ;
 Arose, erect in youthful Grace, 165
 Fairer than all that Paint can trace,
 Or Tongue describe, or Heart conceive ;
 And ADAM *knew his Consort* EVE.

Thus say the *Rabbins*, Men who knew
 Scripture as well as we can do. 170

They say not MOSES told a Fib
 In drawing EVE from ADAM's Rib ;
 But, that, through Ignorance of their Tongue,
 Divines translate the Passage wrong ;
 And that the *Septuagint* imposes
 A Tale on us, *not* told by MOSES. 175

Who tells the Truth, or who's the Liar,
 Ill suits the Comic Muse t'enquire :
 Yet if we'll take this plain Account,
 And candidly reflect upon't 180
 With due Sedateness for a Minute,
 We'll find there's no Absurdness in it ;
 We'll find that many Facts exist,
 Which with small labour one might twist
 So as t'authenticate the Story 185
 By *Argument à posteriori*.

A few of these I'll now make use of ;
 The World be Judge if they're conclusive.

And first, we know, 'tis often said
 In *Scripture*, that the *Man's* the *Head*, 190

Which

Which seems obliquely to reveal
A Hint that *Woman* is the *Tail*.

The same Conclusion we may draw
From the old Oracles of *Law*.

Judge LITTLETON, whom every Pleader 195
At Bench and Bar allows his Leader,
He on whose Word there's such Reliance,
His *Name* alone contains the Science,
Whose very *Night-cap* so demure, is
A kind of *Apotheca Juris* 200
Of such Authority, that COKE
With it has frontispiec'd his Book,
And in it dress'd, the more t'oblige us,
That famous Author's true Effegies---
(O! would to Heav'n some wizard Touch 205
Would coif our *Barons* all in such,
As much more suited to their Figure
And Dignity than Hat and Wig are!

C 2

Who

Line 198. *His Name alone contains the Science*] This alludes to the Title-page of *Coke on Littleton*, in which at Commentator asserts, that *Littleton* is not the Name of the *Author* only, but of the *Law* itself.

Who then so soon would gain the Ears
 And Judgments of th' assembled Peers, 210
 What Grannam speak with such Applause,
 'Gainst Reason, Justice, and the Laws,
 Or *damn* all *Genius* with such Spirit
 As Goody E---E, and Goody P----T!
 -----But stop, my Muse! Enough of this--- 215
 Conclude thy long Parenthesis!)
 Judge LITTLETON, I say, reporteth
 In sixteenth Section, Page the fortieth,
 ' That whensoever Grants are made,
 ' Or Lands or Tenements convey'd, 220
 ' (Due legal Forms observ'd) for Life,
 ' To GEOFFRY and his *present Wife*,
 ' And when they both are dead and rotten,
 ' Then to his *Heirs on her begotten*,
 ' Reverting, when *such* Issues fail ;--- 225
 ' Such Grants are made in *special Tail*.
 ' But

Line 213. *Damn all Genius.*] Alluding to the late Affair of literary Property, in which those great Lawyers were of Counsel with the Pirates of the North.

‘ But when *no certain Wife’s* exprefs’d,

‘ Tis then *Tail general* confest.’

From this Position, ’tis most plain,

That all the learn’d of EDWARD’S Reign,

230

If there be any Truth in Books,

Took *Wives* and *Tails* for Equivokes.

In various *Customs* too we trace

The *Origin* of *Woman’s Race*.

Search thro’ the Annals of Mankind,

235

Read o’er their Histories, you’ll find

‘ Mongst the politer Nations, few

Expose their *Wives* to public View.

The *Inner-Room*, the *Mask*, the *Veil*,

The lattic’d *Haram*, close *Serail*,

240

All prove them to *that Part* allied

Which Mankind always *strive* to *bide*.

Full many a Sage of rev’rend Beard

Has said, *Maids* never should be *heard*;

Which proves they draw their Birth from *thence*

245

Where ev’ry *Whisper* gives *Offence* !

I
n

In *India* 'twould expose your Life
 To ask an Husband How's his *Wife*.
 Merely as being quite *indecent*,
 And carrying an implied Disgrace in't. 250
 Just so with us 'twere an Affront
 T' express in Terms direct and blunt,
 At least in all politer Places,
 Th' *Antipodes* of Human *Faces*.
 On the same Grounds, the *French*, 'tis known, 255
 Exclude all *Females* from the *Throne*,
 As thinking rather strange to see
 The *Tail* usurp the *Sov'reignty*.
 These Solecisms, these motley scenes,
 Of Patriot Mobs, and *Women Queens*, 260
France, with the Love of Order smitten,
 Leaves to the freeborn Sons of *Britain*.
 And *Britain's* lordly Realm, that still
 Disclaims all Law but her own Will,
Britain with ev'ry Whim delighted, 265
 Where once a *Loin* of *Beef* was knighted.

Britain

Line 247.] Vide *Picart. Relig. Banians*, Vol. 4, passim.

Britain, (when Kings could not content)

Who bow'd to a *Rump Parliament* !

She, leaving Nature's Track behind,

Flings cold Decorum to the Wind,

270

And swears, whate'er she wins or loses,

She'll place *her* Crown on *what* she chuses !

And yet, even here, from Sire to Son

This same Tradition seems to run ;

And Parents the great Truth convey

275

Sketch'd out in many a childish Play.

Thus, mark whene'er two Boys you meet

Playing *Chuck-Farthing* in the Street,

With Coins, that thro' their ancient Rust

On *one Side* shew a *manly* Bust,

280

While on the *other Side* imprest,

A *Female* Figure stands confest,

You'll find, as up the Halfpence fly,

While *Heads* or *Tails* is all the Cry,

That those few thoughtless Words explain

285

The very Thesis I maintain ;

And

And full as well the Truth defend,
As learn'd Quotations without End.

Whoe'er with careful Eye examines
The *Marriage-Rites* amongst the *Bramins*, 290
Will find in these, *Tails* still employed,
As the best Emblems of a *Bride*.

To Heav'n-sprung *Ganges*' sacred Banks
When Maids and Youths descend in Ranks
To see some Lover and his Wife, 295
And the Priest join their Hands for Life,
(If Trav'lers tell us not amiss)
The Ceremony's simply this.
The Lover at the Priest's Command,
Just takes a *Cow's Tail* in one Hand, 300
With t'other Hand the *Wife* embracing,
And thus receives the *Bramin's* Blessing.

Line 289.] *Parchas*, in his Extract of Voyages tells us, that on the Coast of *Bernarez*, the Lover and his Mistress, attended by a *Bramin* and a *Cow*, repair to the Banks of the *Ganges*, and go down into the River all together; the Husband then lays hold of the *Cow's Tail* with one Hand, and takes his Wife's Hand in the other, and thus the *Bramin* pronounces the Formulary.

In

In JAVA's Island, ev'ry Swain
That Walks in HYMEN's festive Train,
Carries, in Honour of the Fair,
A Horse Tail waving in the Air.

Now sure 'twere foolish to suppose
Or dream that either these or those,
So strange a Custom would have borrow'd,
Without some decent Reason for it.

But, if our System you'll admit,
And own *they* might have heard of it,
Their Rites will then so just appear,
You'll ask why not adopted *here*.

The *Turks*, as all our Authors tell us
Are a sad Pack of liquorish Fellows:
One Wife for them can never do---
Your mere *Commoner* has *Two*;
And for your *Bashaw*, your *Grandee*,
Th' indulgent Laws allow *him three*.

Line 303.] This, I think, is mentioned in *De Bry's Description of the East Indies*. But it is universally known.

Say, doth not ev'ry one who reads,
 Anticipate what next succeeds?
 And swear 'tis *hence* the Phrase prevails
 That files them *Basbaws* of *three Tails*?

From *Classic Learning* next, we're able 325
 To bring some Proofs irrefragable.

When NESTOR at the *Greeks* would rail
 For what we'd construe *turning Tail*,
 He plainly tells their whining Bands,
 They'd *turn'd* meer *Women* on his Hands: 330
 Now there is something sure so clear
 And plain in NESTOR's Language here,
 So bright a Glare of Truth about it
 That *Woman's Tailship* can't be doubted.

This System too may serve t' explain us 335
 The Myst'ry of the *Birth* of VENUS.
 For *she*, if Poets' Pens may guide us,
 Queen of IDALIA, CYPRUS, CNIDUS!
She, whose persuasive, gentle Sway
 The Tribes of Nature all obey!

LOVE'S

LOVE'S Deity, and BEAUTY'S Pattern!
 First issu'd from the *Tail* of SATURN,
 (Which JOVE, one Morning in a Freak
 Cut off, and threw into a Lake.)

A Proof beyond all Contradiçtion 345
 Of our Account, tho' wrapt in Fiction?
 Telling the World, in simple Prose,
 'Twas from a *Tail* that Woman rose?

But say, should those fallacious be,-----
 Read, *Natural Philosophy*.----- 350

When Men are marry'd, FATE adorns
 Their lordly Foreheads oft with *Horns*;
 And where's the Beast o'er Hill or Dale
 That carries *Horns* without a *Tail*?
 The Truth is this, to end all Strife, 355
 The *Tail* we look for, is,---the *Wife*.

When Brutes evacuate, Sages say,
 They still remove their *Tails* away.
 Thus Fox-hunters, (when o'er their Liquor
 They join to fuddle and flame the Vicar,) 360

Before the *smutty Toast* goes round,
 Or *smuttier Song* begins to found,
 Or *Chamber-pot* is brought by JOHN,
 First see the *Ladies* all are gone.

Men marry *Wives*, 'tis often said, 365
 To keep their *Back-parts* warm in Bed;
 Now, either all my Judgment fails,
 Or this will just apply to *Tails*.

The *Beagle's* mail, that in the Chace
 Still serves him in a Rudder's Place, 375
 Which Way foe'er he speeds his Flight,
 Turn he to left Hand or to Right,
 To Hill or Dale, you'll always see
 His *Tail* turn quite the contrary,
 Now, to each Husband I'll appeal, 375
 Does not his *Wife* just act the *Tail*,
 When she, whate'er is done or said,
 Still turns diversely from her *Head*;
 When she, whatever Course he take,
 Opposes, for opposing sake; 380

Or

Or if thro' mere Caprice and Whim
 When brought at last along with him,
 She writhes on, fullenly, and flow,
 As if she said, I hate to go;
 Is she not still, in human Form, 385
 The wounded *Tail* of Snake or Worm?

Range round the World, view ev'ry Beast,
 From BRITAIN'S Plains to ZAARA'S Waste,
 Travel from CHILI to VERSAILLES,
 Save *Men* and *Apes*, all Beasts have *Tails*. 390
 Search from St. JAMES'S to JAPAN,
 All Beasts have *Tails* but *Apes* and *Man*.
 Fate, some Way to supply this Want,
 Or soften the Severeness on't,
 If an old Proverb tells us true, 395
 Divided *Woman* 'twixt the *two*.

Those who have Fortune, Beauty, Birth,
 Fall to the *Men's* Share *here* on Earth,
 While those whose *Maidenhood* escapes,
 Are giv'n below, they say, to *Apes*. 400

The

The Sense of this old Law, in vain
 Has puzzled many a Sage's Brain;
 Yet in three Words it may be shewn;
Women are Tails, and Apes have none.

A thousand Facts conspire to prove 405
 When Instinct prompts the Brutes to Love,
 That still the *Tail's* th' immediate Aim
 And primal Object of their Flame.

Why darts yon Steed so fierce an Eye?
 Why beats his Pulse so quick and high? 410
 Why ev'ry Nerve with Ardor glows?
 Yon Filley's *Tail* has caught his Nose.

What ails poor *Pompey*? In the Streets
 Why scents he ev'ry *Tail* he meets?
 Why whirls he round if left alone, 415
 Following in eager Chace, *his own*,
 With fruitless Ardor o'er and o'er,
 And never nearer than before?
 Why sudden stops he in his Race
 At ev'ry Puppy's watering Place? 420

What

What Symptoms do these Facts discover?

Why *Pompey*, Madam, 's grown a *Lover*.

Just so poor STREPHON, sorely smit,
(Who thought his CÆLIA never sh-t)

Pursues the Fair thro' all her Mazes. 425

While flatt'ring Hope his Ardor raises;

Still eager follows her about,

E'en at the Closestool scents her out,

And, after all his Labours past,

Is forc'd to give her up at last. 430

If thenceforth there's a Likeness found

'Twixt lovelorn STREPHON and the Hound;

If, there's the self same vain Pursuit

Seen in the *Man* as in the *Brute*;

The same hot Zeal, the same no Profit, 435

The same successless End made of it;

And if (as BACON's famous Law says,)

From like *Effects* we draw like *Causes*;

Then, by that Law, we may proclaim

The Object of their Love's the same; 440

And

And boldly, as our *Rabbi* doth, ob
Conclude a *Tail*'s the Cause of both.

This Thing call'd *Love*, this strange Desire,
That sets our inmost Souls on fire,
This Charm that wraps up all our Senses, 445
In its magnetic Influences,
While either Sex keep such a Pother
And Fuss to get at one another,
T' account for this, has many a Sage
In fruitless Labours spent his Age, 450
His whole *Discov'ry*, after all,
It is---Because 'tis natural.

'Twas this *Enquiry* first led Way to
That old Hypothesis of *Plato*,
Which, with much learned Poil and Trouble, 455
Asserts, that *Adam* first was *double*,
Female and Male together join'd,
One Body and two Souls combin'd.
This compound Race began e'er long,
Says he, to prove for *Heav'n* too strong, 460
And Till

Till Jove, resolv'd to keep them under,
Cut their united Forms in funder.

This Fact allow'd, he next applies
His *Theory of Sympathies*.

The Parts, says he, disjoin'd by Fate,
Still recollect their pristine State.

465

A sympathetic Impulse still

Does thro' their kindred Bosoms thrill;
Each are with other still delighted,

And languish to be re-united.

470

Now, tho' to take these *Facts* on Trust
We'll grant ye the *Conclusion's* just,

Yet (not to slander PLATO's Lustre)

Apply *our Facts*, you'll find them juster.

For could the Female Mind be seen

475

Thro' Prud'ry's hypocritic Screen,

Could we but meet one faithful Breast

Where ev'ry *Passion* stood *confest*,

Where ev'ry *Wish* and ev'ry *Sigh*

Came boldly forth and met the Eye,

do

E

And

And ev'ry *roseate Blush* was *vocal*,
 We'd find that Love is merely local,
 We'd find 'tis *Part*, and not the *Whole*
 Of *Man* that fires the *Virgin's Soul*;
 We'd find *Thought* hov'ring near *that Place* 485
 From whence *her Sex deriv'd their Race*,
That only Point the single Scope
 And Object of her Fear and Hope.

If Nature then imprints *that Part*
 So strongly on the *Maiden's Heart*; 490
 If she instills in *Passion's Ear*
 A Wish to be *engrafted there*;
 May we not fairly thence conclude,
 That PLATO'S Fable's false and crude;
 And that, however *he* has miss'd 'em, 495
Our Facts make out a better System?
 May we not fairly end our Pages
 With this *great Truth*, for future Ages
 And future Nations to believe?

'Twas ADAM'S Tail that now is EVE. 500

Thus

METAMORPHOSIS.

27

Thus, Ladies! I have told my Story,
And laid some modest Proofs before you---
A Slave to Beauty's mild Dominion,
I dictate not my own Opinion;
An old Tradition I've related,
A few Conjectures simply stated,
Can shew my Author's Page and Place,
And leave yourselves to judge the Case;
Well knowing if we disagree,
You'll blame the *Rabbins*, and not *me*.

505

510

T H E E N D.

MEAN A M O P H O S I S

I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.
 I have been thinking of you very much lately, and
 wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are
 well and happy. I have been very busy lately, but
 I have managed to find some time to write to you.



18
9
2 5

11 12 S

742